

Good Morning 669

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

World's Best Playground is Up the Pole

Says MARTIN THORNHILL

Your Letter said R.S.V.P.— Ron Richards Replies

BY quoting fairly fully a couple of letters from around and get your pictures. to-days post-bag, I am able to illustrate the extreme value of sailor's home is the holy of holies. . . .

Stoker First Class Glenister writes from H.M. Submarine Solent to say: "Being a volunteer member of the submarine service, I have from time to time been in the unfortunate position of having your daily epistles thrust into my line of sight every morning about breakfast time, which immediately spoils my appetite for that sumptuous repast. Mercifully, I escape this in harbour. . . ."

Stoker Glenister passes on the results of a Gallup Poll taken on board:—

The personal touches on the front page are appreciated.

The cat is popular.

Jane is O.K.

Shop Talk goes down well, but the accompanying pictures are not so hot.

The crossword is far too easy.

The remainder, and here I quote again, "is a definite menace to the war effort. . . ."

"Far be it from us to 'Janiefy' your centre pages without offering a suggestion in lieu. Sport news and stories of the turf, ring, track, dogs and darts would, we are sure, be a change for the better.

"Then, and only then, will we consider your paper fit to grace our breakfast table. At present we consider it an excellent substitute for No. 9 pills."

So much for the criticisms. They have all been noted. Many thanks.

Mr. Glenister closes his letter by asking for some pin-ups, and by passing on his home address with this comment: "Please do not call, as my wife and I do not crave the lime-light; this will please me immensely."

O.K., pal, we won't call.

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LEADING TELEGRAPHIST Bill Stampton, of H.M. Submarine Seadog, writes: "I hope my air mail asking for pin-ups arrived." (It did, and they are on the way.)

"Now you ask for raspberries. O.K., here's a good one for you. We were talking in the boat the other day about the feature concerning the boys' families, and there are some divided schools of thought on the subject. Now, most of the gang are all for it, including myself, but some claim that you are using press-gang methods of getting your stories and frightening the lives out of the wives and mothers when you arrive, unasked and unexpected.

"For myself, I don't know what truth there is in that, but several of the guys say that you get the names and addresses

Well, Mr Stampton, put on your reading spectacles and focus hard for a minute or two. When you have finished reading the first time, read it all again, and when you have read it through the second time pass it around to your mess-mates, and then pass it around again.

When you have done that, make a book on what I am going to tell you. ABSOLUTELY NO PRESSURE IS, HAS, OR WILL BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON YOUR FOLK AT HOME IN ORDER TO PROVIDE US WITH A STORY! Your mess-mates are misinformed, and we would be greatly interested to learn of the birthplace of such stories. This is what happens, and I can assure you that all our correspondents are well drilled as to the procedure.

Your home addresses arrive from various sources—mostly they come from you, sometimes from your homes. A few addresses are passed on by welfare officers and chaplains, if you ask them to send them, but most of the addresses are collected when we visit your boat prior to your going East. Of course, if our reporter calls upon Mrs Smith, of Field End Road, and that lady is aware of two other submariners in the road, he will look them up. Often your pal's mother knows your address, I suppose, and frequently she passes it on, thinking your folk would be glad to see us.

Regarding the calling, unasked and unexpected, that, too, is hardly the case. On receipt of your address we send out letters advising that one day soon a reporter and photographer will be calling around. We send a specimen copy of the paper and explain what it is all about. Then, unless we have a letter from your home to say that we would not be welcome, we go around. If when we get there your folk don't like the idea of being interviewed or photographed, we apologise for the trouble and go along to the next address.

Now is that quite clear? If it's not, or if you are a trifle uneasy about the thing, do let me know. We particularly want to keep this department running smoothly, as it means quite a lot to a lot of guys.

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A.B. HAROLD EDMUNDS writes from H.M. Submarine Vox to Derek Richards about his photographic feature. Derek is not a full-time member of the staff, and cannot therefore reply fully in the paper. However, I have sent him a copy of your letter, and he will be writing to you.

You know, of course, that he is an observer in the Fleet Air Arm? Previously he was a student-lecturer at London University, and so I am sure you will be able to get together about your problems.

THE tale of the Alaskan Highway has been told a score of times. But little has been written of the great future that awaits Alaska, nor of the strange folk who people the far-away land of spruce and hemlock and tamarack that gave the great artery its name.

Rolling north by north-west, the vast new trail sweeps past airports hewn out of the rock and scrub by bush fliers 20 years ago; past Yukon steamers used in the gold rush of '98, now high and dry on the banks and used as warehouses; a huge empty land, waiting for people—an area nearly as large as the United States east of the Mississippi, with barely 75,000 permanent inhabitants.

In Alaska are free land, mineral wealth, great forests. Once again the new frontier is made accessible by new transportation, by air and by road. And there will be opportunities of which the old gold hunters never dreamed.

Alaska's farming possibilities have scarcely been touched. It has fewer than 1,000 farms, though there are some 30,000 square miles of suitable land. Before the war nearly £1,000,000 worth of food was imported annually, which could have been produced in Alaska. Finland, with a similar climate and a comparable area of arable territory, not only supports a population of 2,500,000, but normally exports sizeable quantities of butter, corn, cheese and livestock.

When dairy farming was mooted as an Alaskan industry, most folk laughed at the idea. How could you keep cows where the thermometer now and again drops to 60 below zero? They'd be indoors most of the year, eating hay imported at ruinous cost.

But Charlie Creamer had ideas both modern and Alaskan. Growing several kinds of cattle feed experimentally, he found that although the season is short, the daylight hours are so long that a crop can be fully harvested.

Charlie imported a few Holsteins; now he has a herd of 80 and a dairy that would be a show place anywhere in North America. He sells all the milk he can produce to Fairbanks people at 1s. a quart, and could get rid of a lot more. Every Alaskan



Juneau, capital of Alaska.

dairyman could dispose of four times as much milk as he sells now.

If this is potentially true of dairy farming, how much more would it apply to industries which, though few people follow them, are the very warp and woof of Alaska?

The few mink and fox ranchers in the country are piling up bigish bank balances. Probably nowhere else in the world are there so many fish—a mink's chief food—as on the Alaskan coasts. As well, scarcely a fraction of Alaska's available fish are caught and marketed.

Besides gold, the country has huge deposits of nickel, platinum, tungsten, quicksilver, tin, oil and coal. Almost literally, these are just lying about waiting to be picked up with reasonable effort by those who know how to seek and exploit them.

In S.E. Alaska flourish the largest virgin stands of spruce and hemlock on this Continent; until the war the great trees matured, fell and rotted on the ground.

A new country is always short of shops and stores, doctors, dentists. For the pioneer, willing to rough it, rugged peaks are more alluring than trimmed lawns. But it is mainly as tourists that Britons are likely to see Alaska in the years to come.

And there will be a boom in tourist business. Alaska aviation has had two phases. First, the exciting era of the

bush pilots, their exploits now as fabulous as those of the two-gun sheriffs of the old West. As a result of their pioneering Alaska is now a network of air routes flown regularly by well-equipped lines.

In Alaska to-morrow will converge the air routes which are the shortest way to Asia, where lives half the population of the earth. At Ladd Field, Fairbanks, you see the big flying trucks going through every day; this is no longer a remote frontier, but one of the centres of a rapidly shrinking world.

As air travel grows, Alaskan towns, as yet mere villages, will blossom terminals, warehouses, hotels.

For this is perhaps the finest holiday resort on earth; its peaks are loftier than any in the United States; its islands are numbered in thousands; its fish and game the biggest and best—a land full fit to sail, camp and explore, or just to sit on the verandah and behold the scenery. And its people—one of the most fascinating puzzles in world history.

The more the few people who visit Alaska see of it, the more questions they ask about it, and about its wide-scattered inhabitants.

The world thinks Eskimos live in snow houses. Most Alaskan Eskimos have never seen one. Houses are dug partly underground and fashioned from driftwood logs or whale bones and stones, and roofed with sod.

Only the north-Canada and north-west Greenland Eskimos build huts of snow blocks. And there is nothing in an Eskimo house more important than the lamps that burn animal fat—shallow bowls of pottery or stone which heat, light and cook.

Modern appliances are few, yet you do find many Alaskan Eskimos wearing goggles of ivory, bone or wood, with narrow eye slits that help to screen the glare of winter ice and snow. These are no product of modern civilisation, however, but the invention of some long-forgotten benefactor of their own race.

Far more resourceful than our own meat-packers are the natives of this remote north-west. Having harpooned seal, walrus, or perhaps a narwhal weighing over a ton, in a frail little kayak, they proceed to utilise every part of the beast but the squeal—the best of the carcass for dinner; the skin for clothes, boats and tents; the intestines scraped thin for waterproof coats, bladders for harpoon floats, and the bones for all sorts of everyday implements.

In fact, they live, these Eskimos of Alaska, very much like their prehistoric ancestors. If anything, they have declined a peg or two, for archaeologists and historians agree that there once was a Golden Age

in the Arctic, when Eskimos were at the zenith of their culture.

They have never been quite so ingenious or so energetic since that Golden Age. Eskimos of old who made harpoon heads and knife handles of walrus ivory, carved with graceful, flowing designs, must have been artistic and prosperous, for folk hard pressed for life's necessities have no time to make beautiful things.

Excavations made at different sites have proved existence of a series of cultures, followed by a decline. We can only guess how much time elapsed between each. The latest abandoned earth-buried villages were occupied within historic times—roughly 2,000 years ago—and since the Russians came to Alaska, bringing iron tools and other objects which the Eskimos never made for themselves.

Through the ages recurring waves of Asiatics crossed to people the American continents. It is at Bering Strait that Asia and America come nearest to touching. Here, where the two continents lie but 55 miles apart, man probably first entered America. Doubtless the Eskimos followed by the same route, crossing the gap by boat, or perhaps on the ice in winter.

It is doubtful if these explorers knew they were landing in a new continent. Tribes often roamed far afield in search of animals for food and skins, or to find better parts to live in. In fact, they were not explorers at all, for they knew little of any geography.

But these landings, plus the Eskimos' facial resemblance, establishes their Mongoloid-Asiatic ancestry, just as it does that of the American Indian. It is only because the Eskimos are now so different in language and culture from the Indians of the North, that they are classed as a distinct, though related, group.

For the present, truckers haul their cargoes along the new Highway in the long darkness of the winter night, or in the blazing sun of midsummer, when 12 o'clock midnight is as light as 12 o'clock noon. But soon, little towns—still to be may lure the English air tourist north to plant his feet upon the high lands, which though they lie beyond the Arctic Circle may yet climb to public favour as one of the world's grandest playgrounds.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THIS IS HEN THRESHING

COCK-FIGHTING is a well-known "sport." It existed in ancient times and attained its highest popularity, in England, in the 18th century, when it was one of the most fashionable pursuits of the gentry, as well as the poor man's amusement, but hen-threshing, probably as old a custom, is not so well known.

For one thing, it usually happened only once a year—on Shrove Tuesday; and, for another, it died out much sooner than the more exciting, but hardly less brutal, practice of cock-fighting.

In many towns and villages, but more frequently in the latter—for it was essentially a rural sport—a live hen was tied on the back of one of the local lads. And on his elbows and knees were fastened small bells.

While he ran about in the market square, or some other open space, blindfold hunters, with birches or small branches of trees in their hands, did their best to hit the hen. Often they

would give the man carrying the hen a good swipe, but invariably the unfortunate hen came in for some of the blows, and eventually died from its sufferings. It was then cooked and eaten at a bacon and pancake feast.

Occasionally cocks were used as the victims of this Shrove-tide "sport." In some parts of the country it was the duty of the local schoolmaster to provide a cock for the boys to throw at. And they would chuck sticks and stones at it until it was killed, after which, presumably, it would be the chief dish at a school dinner.

At North Walsham, Norfolk, the local lads once put an owl into a bowl for this "sport," and cunningly fixed the head and tail of a dead cock in the positions they would normally be. For years afterwards they told the story of the surprise the man who broke the bowl got when he saw his "chicken" fly away over the houses.

D. N. K. B.

Concluding THE MONEY BOX

By W. W. JACOBS

FIRST thing they did was to have a good breakfast, and after that they came out smiling all over and began to spend a happy day.

Ginger was in tip-top spirits, and so was Peter, and the idea that old Isaac was in bed while they were drinking 'is clothes pleased them more than anything.

Twice that evening policemen spoke to Ginger for dancing on the pavement, and by the time the money was spent it took Peter all 'is time to get 'im 'ome.

Old Isaac was in bed when they got there, and the temper 'e was in was shocking; but Ginger sat on 'is bed and smiled at 'im as if 'e was saying compliments to 'im.

"Where's my clothes?" ses the old man, shaking 'is fist at the two of 'em.

Ginger smiled at 'im, then 'e shut 'is eyes and dropped off to sleep.

"Where's my clothes?" ses Isaac, turning to Peter.

"Close?" says Peter, staring at 'im.

"Where are they?" ses Isaac.

It was a long time afore Peter could understand wot 'e meant, but as soon as 'e did 'e started to look for 'em. Drink takes people in different ways, and the way it always took Peter was to make 'im one of the most obligin men that ever lived.

'E spent 'arf the night crawling about on all fours looking for the clothes, and four or five times old Isaac woke up from dreams of earthquakes to find Peter 'ad got jammed under 'is bed and was wondering what 'ad 'appened to 'im.

None of 'em was in the best of 'tempers when they woke up next morning, and Ginger 'ad 'ardly got 'is eyes open afore Isaac was asking 'im about 'is clothes agin.

"Don't bother me about your clothes," ses Ginger; "talk about something else for a change."

"Where are they?" ses

Isaac, sitting on the edge of 'is bed.

Ginger yawned and felt in 'is waistcoat pocket—for neither of 'em 'ad undressed—and then 'e took the pawn-ticket out and threw it on the floor. Isaac picked it up, and then 'e began to dance about the room as if 'e'd gone mad.

"Do you mean to tell me you've pawned my clothes?" he shouts.

"Me and Peter did," ses Ginger, sitting up in bed and getting ready for a row.

Isaac dropped on the bed agin all of a 'eap. "And wot am I to do?" he ses.

"If you be 'ave yourself," ses Ginger, "and give us our money, me and Peter'll go and get 'em out agin. When we've 'ad breakfast, that is. There's no hurry."

"But I 'aven't got the money," ses Isaac; "it was all sewn up in the lining of the coat. I've on'y got about five shillings. You've made a nice mess of it, Ginger, you 'ave."

"You're a silly fool, Ginger. That's wot you are," ses Peter.

"Sewn up in the lining of the coat?" ses Ginger, staring.

"The bank-notes was," ses Isaac, "and three pounds in gold 'idden in the cap. Did you pawn that, too?"

Ginger got up in 'is excitement and walked up and down the room. "We must go and get 'em out at once," he ses.

"And where's the money to do it with?" ses Peter.

Ginger 'adn't thought of that, and it struck 'im all of a 'eap. None of 'em seemed to be able to think of a way of getting the other ten shillings wot was

wanted, and Ginger was so upset that 'e took no notice of the things Peter kept saying to 'im. "Let's go and ask to see 'em, and say we left a railway ticket in the pocket," ses Peter.

Isaac shook 'is 'ead. "There's on'y one way to do it," he ses. "We shall 'ave to pawn your clothes, Ginger, to get mine out with."

"That's the on'y way, Ginger," ses Peter, brightening up. "Now, wot's the good o' carrying on like that? It's no worse for you to be without your clothes for a little while than it was for pore old Isaac."

It took 'em quite 'arf an hour afore they could get Ginger to see it. First of all 'e wanted Peter's clothes to be took instead of 'is, and when Peter pointed out that they was too shabby to fetch ten shillings 'e

'ad a lot o' nasty things to say about wearing such old rags, and at last, in a terrible temper, 'e took 'is clothes off and pitched 'em in a 'eap on the floor.

"If you ain't back in 'arf an hour, Peter," 'e ses, scowling at 'im, "you'll 'ear from me, I can tell you."

"Don't you worry about that," ses Isaac, with a smile. "I'm going to take 'em."

"You?" ses Ginger; "but you can't. You ain't got no clothes."

"I'm going to wear Peter's," ses Isaac, with another smile.

Peter asked 'im to listen to reason, but it was all no good. He'd got the pawn-ticket, and at last Peter, forgetting all he'd said to Ginger Dick about using bad langwidge, took 'is clothes off, one by one, and

dashed 'em on the floor, and told Isaac some of the things 'e thought of 'im.

The old man didn't take any notice of 'im. He dressed 'imself up very slow and careful in Peter's clothes, and then 'e drove 'em nearly crazy by wasting time making 'is bed.

"Be as quick as you can, Isaac," ses Ginger, at last; "think of us two a-sitting 'ere waiting for you."

"I shan't forget it," ses Isaac, and 'e came back to the door after 'e'd gone 'arf-way down the stairs to ask 'em not to go out on the drink while 'e was away.

It was nine o'clock when he went, and at ha'-past nine Ginger began to get impatient and wondered wot 'ad 'appened to 'im, and when ten o'clock came

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A doit is a piece of mosaic. French idiot. Dutch coin, female vole, nut?
2. What is meant by "vital statistics"?
3. About how many words are there in the English language (round numbers)?
4. Who captured Quebec, and when?

5. Who swallowed a pearl of great price?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 1324, 4123, 3214, 2143, 2534, 3412.

Answers to Quiz in No. 668

1. Exchequer bills.
2. Clackmannan.
3. Physiognomy; means "face."
4. Jockey who cheats by pulling his horse back to prevent him winning.
5. Alfred the Great.
6. Aberrant is not a kind of pigeon; others are.



Jack Greenall Says: Ain't Nature Wonderful!

THE POLECAT.

THE Polecat stinks—I'm sorry, there's no other word. They are prolific. How come in view of this, heaven knows—some animals will put up with anything.

Rabbits flee from them in vain, in fact, the rabbits have given up trying. It's a hard world. The young Polecats make their appearance, and shouldn't towards the end of May, so May is not the merry month we all thought it was.

They eat frogs, newts and toads, the disgusting devils. The home life of the Polecat is hell.

The Things People Do

MISS DOROTHY GERDS, of South Byfleet, Essex, only once looked at the dicky-bird. And it was quite enough. She didn't like the picture she got, and vowed she would never have another one taken.

She stuck to her vow, even though, during the twenty-three years she was secretary of the Women's Section of the British Legion, she was pressed time and time again to have her photograph taken.

And there will never be a picture of Miss Gerd. She died the other day. The thousands of branches of the women legionaries will never have before them a photograph of the motherly woman who won the M.B.E. for her work as founder and secretary of their organisation.

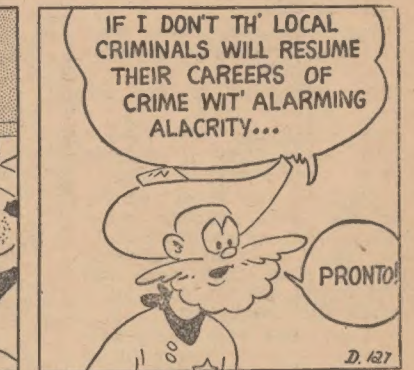
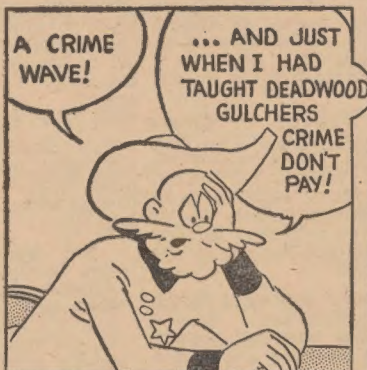
THEY'VE done it at last—got a machine that talks. It's name is "Minnie," and it was demonstrated by its inventor, 76-years-old language expert, Sir Richard Paget, at the Royal Institution in London the other day.

Naturally, one of the first words it spoke was "Papa."

And the thing is so human that it can be given a cold, when it speaks like a small boy with adenoids.

You'd have thought there was enough talk in the world already. But the machine has one great advantage. You can always shut it up.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 608

1. Behead a crack and get a good deal.
2. Insert the same letter six times in the following, and get a sentence: aoundtheugged-ockstheag@edascalan.
3. What common word has BERS for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Tommy went to the Zoo and threw — at the

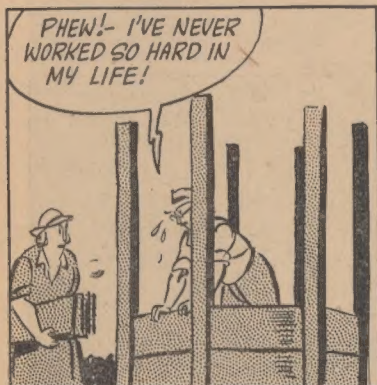
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 607

1. F-Luke.
2. She sells sea-shells by the sea-shore.
3. Serve, Nerve, Verve, Deserving.
4. Pare, pear.

JANE



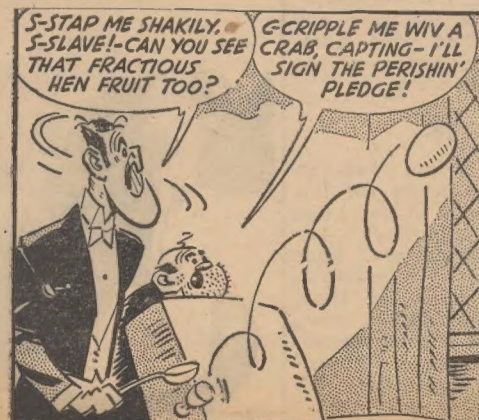
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE MONEY BOX

(Continued from Page 2)

and no Isaac they was both leaning out of the winder with blankets over their shoulders looking up the road.

By eleven o'clock Peter was in very low spirits, and Ginger was so mad 'e was afraid to speak to 'im.

They spent the rest o' that day 'anging out of the winder, but it was not till ha'-past four in the afternoon that Isaac, still wearing Peter's clothes and carrying a couple of large green plants under 'is arm, turned into the road, and from the way 'e was smiling they thought it must be all right.

"Wot 'ave you been such a long time for?" ses Ginger, in a low, fierce voice, as Isaac stopped underneath the winder and nodded up to 'em.

"I met an old friend," ses Isaac.

"Met an old friend?" ses Ginger, in a passion. "Wot

d'ye mean, wasting time like that while we was sitting up 'ere waiting and starving?"

"I 'adn't seen him for years," ses Isaac, "and time slipped away afore I noticed it."

"I dessay," ses Ginger, in a bitter voice. "Well, is the money all right?"

"I don't know," ses Isaac; "I ain't got the clothes."

"Wot?" ses Ginger, nearly falling out of the winder. "Well, wot 'ave you done with mine, then? Where are they? Come upstairs."

"I won't come upstairs, Ginger," ses Isaac, "because I'm not quite sure whether I've done right. But I'm not used to going into pawnshops, and I walked about trying to make up my mind to go in and couldn't."

"Well, wot did you do then?" ses Ginger, 'ardly able to contain hisself.

"While I was trying to

make up my mind," ses old Isaac. "I see a man with a barrer of lovely plants. 'E wasn't asking money for 'em, only old clothes."

"Old clothes!" ses Ginger, in a voice as if 'e was being suffocated.

"I thought they'd be a bit o' green for you to look at," ses the old man, 'olding the plants up; "there's no knowing 'ow long you'll be up there. The big one is yours, Ginger, and the other is for Peter."

"'Ave you gone mad, Isaac?" ses Peter, in a trembling voice, arter Ginger 'ad tried to speak and couldn't.

Isaac shook 'is 'ead and smiled up at 'em, and then, arter telling Peter to put Ginger's blanket a little more round 'is shoulders, for fear 'e should catch cold, 'e said 'e'd ask the landlady to send 'em up some bread and butter and a cup o' tea.

They 'eard 'im talking to the landlady at the door, and then 'e went off in a hurry without looking behind 'im, and the landlady walked up and down on the other side of the road, with 'er apron stuffed in 'er mouth, pretending to be looking at 'er chimney-pots.

Isaac didn't turn up at all that night, and by next morning those two unfortunate men see 'ow they'd been done.

It was quite plain to them that Isaac 'ad been deceiving them, and Peter was pretty certain that 'e took the money out of the bed while 'e was fussing about making it.

Old Isaac kept 'em there for three days, sending 'em in their clothes bit by bit and two shillings a day to live on; but they didn't set eyes on 'im agin until they all signed on aboard the "Planet," and they didn't set eyes on their money until they was two miles below Gravesend.

THE END

USELESS EUSTACE



"No! After you!"

The Government may be working for posterity, but it insists on being paid by us.



CROSS-WORD CORNER

DEPARTS	RELAX	OAK
RABID	COLIN	
EPIC	DAKOTA	
C	TIMID	PET
AS	TIGER	SI
NOB	SITES	O
TURRET	CORN	
STOUR	SILAS	
HAD	PIPI	
DEFINED		

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10		11		12		
13			14				
15		16			17		
18				19			
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22	23		24	25	26		
27	28		29				
30		31			32		
33					34		
35			36				

CLUES ACROSS.—2 Summer-house, 6 Bone, 9 Musical symbol, 11 Leave empty, 13 Thick wrap, 14 Seen, 15 Horse, 17 Hoar-frost, 18 Jury, 19 Low, 20 Number, 23 Noise, 24 Ofal, 27 Boy's name, 29 Tractable, 30 Excellent one, 32 Soak, 33 S t a b l e m a n, 34 Chimney-top, 35 Pronoun, 36 Senior.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Fight, 2 Commence, 3 From, 4 Bad, 5 Tease, 6 Proportion, 7 Detail, 8 Cover with drops, 10 Of the moon, 12 Confirmed, 14 Reception-room, 16 Non-surgical, 19 Fruit, 21 Under, 22 Store, 23 Solled, 25 Facial armour, 26 Response, 28 Reckless, 29 Girl's name, 31 Jewel, 34 County.

Good Morning

No, they're not croquet hoops. No, they're not crazy bollards. No, they're not Popeye's "periskopes." To end the awful suspense, we'll tell you. They're swans on the Thames, near Windsor. Tide was low — that's all.



The "wooden walls" of England are being built again at Rye, Sussex. Centuries ago, this little port was the centre of a flourishing shipbuilding trade. Then it lapsed — and the little town just slept on in the sunshine. Now — with the need for more and more ships — Rye is again loud with the noise of hammer and adze.



"TRY A PIPE OF WATERCRESS?"

No, there's no trick in it. These men are smoking watercress. They are men who work in the watercress beds at Sittingbourne, in Kent, and they have found that dried cress makes an excellent "baccy." Of course, it tastes better, blended with rum, they say! They would!



Of course, we don't know very much about it — but we always thought that gals were very much the same shape underneath. And then comes a couple of pictures like these two, and sort of shakes our faith. Not, you will understand, that we have any fault to find with Rosemary Lane's shape — on the contrary.



No! It's the Ten-Ton Fairy Queen on the left that set us thinking. Look at those shoulders — her mother must have been frightened by a bottle of stout! Look at those thighs — her father must have been a caber-tosser in the Highland Games! Look at that — well, it's lucky we've only got a front view!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"There's a blush on her cheeks — I can see it from here!"

